

Munn, William A.
Location of Helluland, Markland, and
Wineland from the Icelandic Sagas. St. John's
Newfoundland, 1914.

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Helluland, Markland, and
Wineland

FROM THE
ICELANDIC SAGAS

BY
W. A. MUNN,
St. John's, Newfoundland.



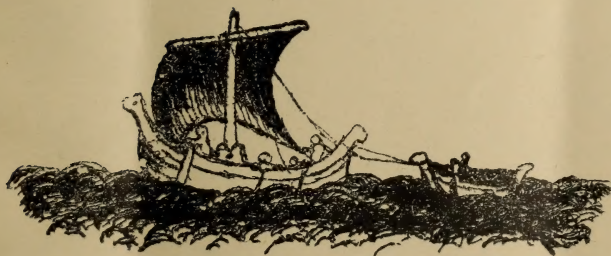
Gazette print.

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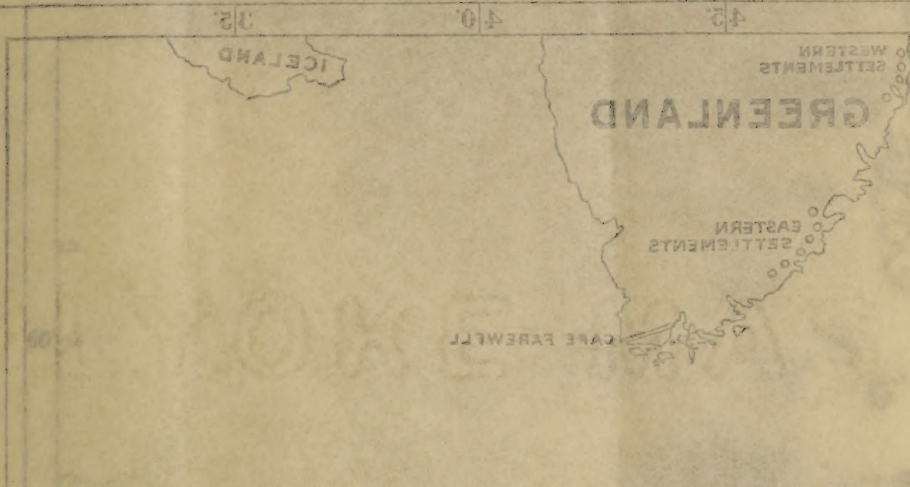
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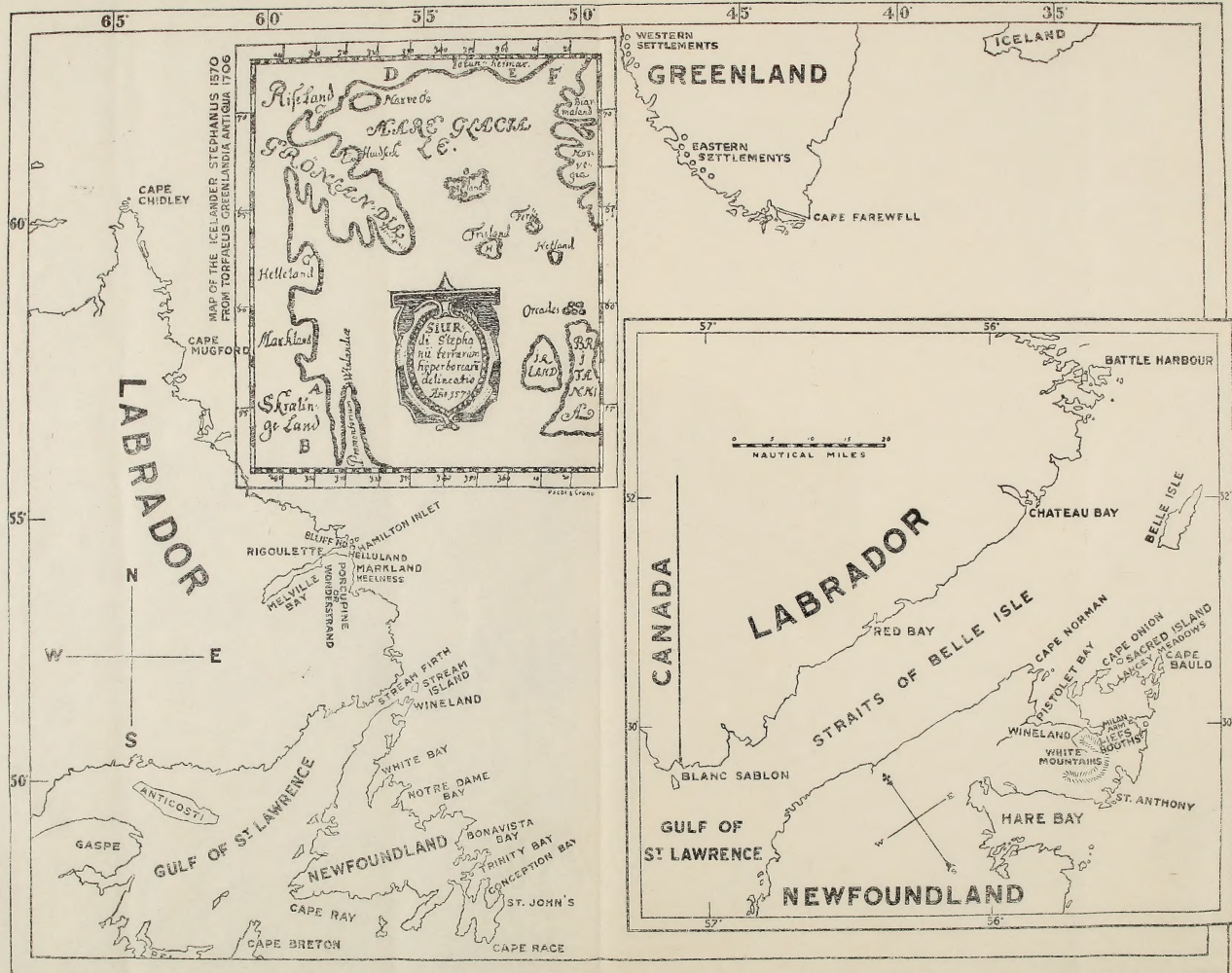
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Where Was Wineland the Good ?

 HIS has been a source of mystery for a very long time, and coming as it does into the very earliest history of the American continent, there have been numerous books written upon it in America, also in England, Germany, France, Denmark and Norway. Those who have written on this subject are too numerous to mention, but a few of them are :— Thomas Carlyle, Benjamin Franklin, Justin Winsor, David Grantz, John R. Foster, Henry Harrisse, Washington Irving, and numerous others ; but those who have given practically a life-time service, and left the greatest works on this subject, are Carl Ch. Rafn, Arthur M. Reeves, Gustavus Storm, Joshua T. Smith, and Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer. About two hundred and fifty years ago attention was first called in modern time to the Icelandic literature about the discovery of America by the Norsemen. Joseph Fischer, in his book "Discourses of the Norsemen in America," gives a list of three hundred and twenty-two books written by eminent authorities on this subject, most of which have been written since Rafn's comprehensive work in 1837.

The best known authorities agree that practically all the information that is likely to be obtained on this subject has come to light, and the translation and explanations of the old Saga manuscripts have been deciphered in a manner that leaves very little room for further enquiry on this subject. The only real live question that still awaits explanation and proof is where Wineland really was ?

Every writer who has given this matter serious consideration has placed Wineland somewhere between New York and Labrador, but they have all failed to explain the numerous facts mentioned in these old Sagas in a satisfactory way. It is my belief that it is only a Newfoundlander, or some person well acquainted with voyages to Labrador, that will eventually solve this old conundrum in a way that will be convincing. What we are all searching for is the truth of what really did happen in these old voyages to Newfoundland, now over nine hundred years ago. It is very probable that some runic inscriptions have been left on some rocks. There were scholars among those rovers, and a runic stone was discovered early in the last century on an island off

Disco, in Northern Greenland. This stone was taken to Denmark in 1824, and can be seen now in the Museum there. Disco was far to the north of any of the Norse settlements in Greenland. This was a record of three men spending the winter there, showing undoubtedly that expeditions had been made to the far North as well as to the South. We have undoubted proof that several winters were spent in Liefs' Booths at Wineland, where preparation was made for colonisation by a numerous following. I am pointing out the localities where I believe some of these old records are most likely to be found, and the man who does find them will make a name for himself. There are many of these old runic stones in Norway and Iceland. They have been found in the Orkney Islands and Scotland, and there is every reason to believe that some record of this kind will be found in this country. These runic inscriptions were not always carved on a monument or a prominent rock. They were found often in a cairn or graves. In a cairn on a hill top they would probably be left as a record of some expedition, such as Peary, Bartlett, Scott and Amundsen have left of their expeditions to the North and South Pole. If it was in a grave it would be similar to a tombstone, and as we know that many deaths did occur on these voyages to Wineland, I am very confident that if long enough search be made in some of the places that I will mention, there will be found one or more of these old runic stones. I am giving here a diagram of what these runic inscriptions are like, so that some idea may be had of what to look for.

To get a proper understanding of this subject we must go at it from the beginning.

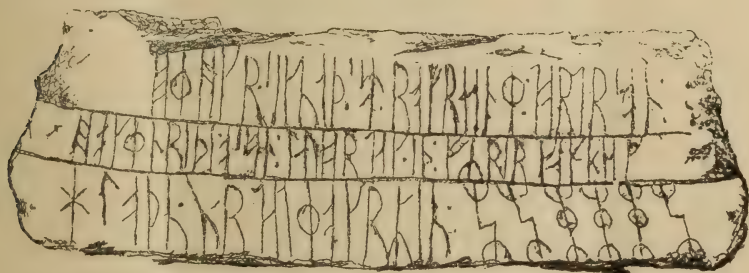
The Viking age of Norway began about the year 789. A spirit of unrest and adventure stirred up that country, and expeditions were numerous. It would be interesting to show how many Royal families in Russia, Denmark, Germany, France, not to mention England, claims descent from these Norsemen.

The old Norse rovers were terrors alike to England, Scotland and Ireland, and continually ravaged the whole coast of Eastern Europe, from the Baltic to France. In one expedition they sailed around Spain, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and plundered the cities of Southern Europe up to the Gulf of Genoa, and didn't forget to levy a heavy tax on the cities of Northern Africa.

Everyone acquainted with English history knows to what extremities King Alfred the Great was driven by these Norsemen. We all know something of Rollo, the ancestor of William the Conqueror, who came from Norway, sailed up the river Seine, and captured that fertile province now called Normandy.

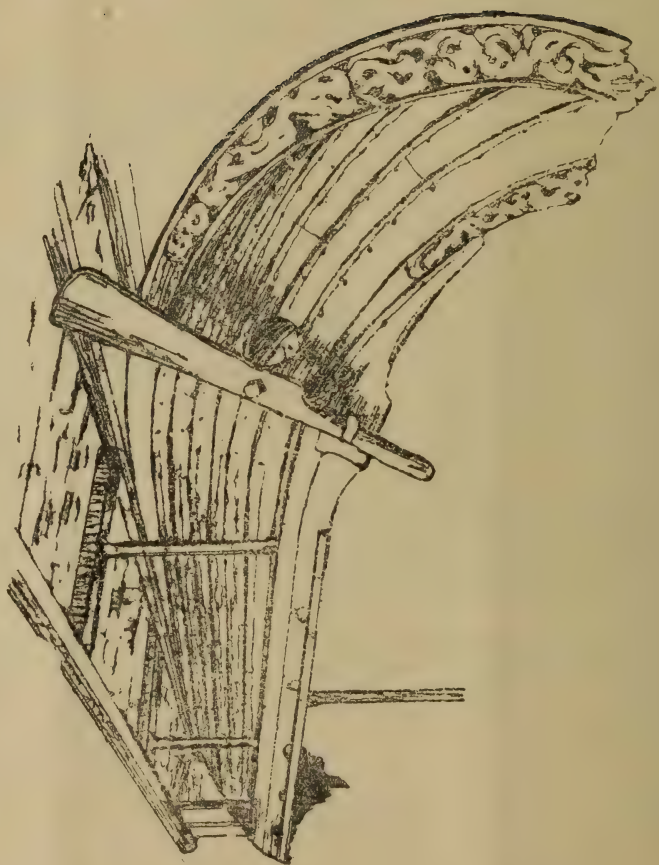
It was in 1066 that the Norman Invasion of England took place, and it was sixty years prior to that time that this same race of old Norsemen, then living in Greenland, attempted to colonise Newfoundland. We must not go too fast; first comes

This runic stone was discovered on the island of Kingigtorsuak in 72° 55' N. Lat., near Disco in Greenland, and brought to Denmark by Captain Graah in 1824.



Three cairns were found near together, and in one of the cairns was this small stone. The translation of runic inscription: "Erling Sigvaths-son, Bjarne Thordarson and Endride Oddson on the Sunday before 'gagndag' (i.e., April 25), erected these cairns and cleared away ice."

Judging from the style of inscription, Nansen thinks it dates from 1300 to 1400, and that it is the record of a remarkable expedition.



The remains of a VIKING SHIP of the Ninth Century, discovered near Tonsberg.
Now to be seen in a Norwegian Museum.

ICELAND.

In the year 850 these old Scandinavian rovers discovered Iceland. Whether this was by accident, being driven out of their course in their numerous voyages to the western isles of Scotland and the coast of Ireland, we do not know. It is quite possible that it may have been from information gained from Irish monks who had settled in Orkney and other places. There had been a settlement of Irish Culdees (as these monks were called) in Iceland at least fifty years previous to this date. There is undoubted proof from Icelandic literature of these early Irish settlements, and it is evidence of the high degree of civilisation the Irish had attained at the dawn of European history. How the Irish kept up constant communication with Iceland with their fragile craft prior to 850 is one of the wonders that is hard to explain, but from facts that we have of Irish explorations, it is not at all improbable that the legends of St. Brendan are founded on reality.

The Norsemen made great improvements in the art of navigation. The Irish monks could not withstand the fierce onslaughts of these pagans, and we hear the Culdees were driven out of Orkney and Iceland. These expeditions during sixty years were a nursery for improvement of these Viking craft, but let us think for a moment where they would class at Lloyd's to-day. The storms then were probably the same as we have, therefore we can have some idea of what they had to encounter. If thirty or forty of our men were told to get ready for a voyage across the Atlantic in an open boat, we would soon hear of a strike, and any person would be considered mad to run such a risk.

Here is what those craft were like. A long, narrow, shallow boat, with some little protection at bow and stern for men to sleep. She was fitted up for rowing, generally ten oars on each side. There was one mast, with a heavy square sail, that could be used before the wind. With head winds the men had to row both night and day, and allowing shifts say every four hours, it showed the necessity of the large crews. Rudders hadn't been invented till after this time, and we find that they were steered with a large oar attached by an iron band to the steer-board, which gave the well known name of the star-board side to our vessels. It shows the hardihood and daring of these venturesome old rovers to cross the Atlantic in these flimsy craft, and what skill they must have had to do it successfully. Serious doubt was thrown on these old stories for a long time, as everyone knew the difficulties of sailing these vessels in the North Atlantic, but how did they manage to navigate without compass or nautical instruments when out of sight of land for many days, and often out of all reckoning in fog during bad weather. The ruins of the old settlements in Greenland testified to the truth of these expeditions, and when we get a little further ahead to Biarni's voyage to Greenland, where neither himself or crew had been before, we will see that while he was driven far out of his course, and sighted strange lands, still he quar-

tered the heavens, he steered by the stars, and refused his crew permission to land anywhere until he knew he had reached Greenland. After experience of that kind we can readily believe the facts mentioned in the Sagas that each expedition of Norsemen from Greenland to Wineland had little if any difficulty in knowing where to find Lief's Booths.

These old Norsemen, shortly after discovering Iceland, started to colonise it, and in sixty years there were about 20,000 people there, which increased in two hundred and fifty years to about 50,000 souls. Since then Iceland has had its ups and downs, but it created a civilisation of government and literature far ahead of Scandinavian progress at the same time. It shows the class of men that were reared in the adversities of these Northern climates, and we here in Newfoundland have many lessons to learn from them to-day in the cure and culling of their fish, lessons that we must learn if we are to hold our place in the markets of the world. Now let us pass on to

GREENLAND.

It was discovered by Gunnbjorn in 920, when driven in a storm west of Iceland, and was commonly known for many years as Gunnbjorn's Cliffs or Rocks, but whether he ever landed there is uncertain. In the year 982 Eric the Red, a prominent man of Iceland, was condemned to exile for three years for having slain a man. He set sail in his Viking boat with a few followers for Gunnbjorn's Rocks, and remained there exploring the South Eastern coast. At the end of the third year he returned to Iceland, and having christened the new country Greenland, he induced many to migrate there with him in 986, but we hear that owing to stormy weather, fourteen out of the thirty-five boats that had started with him never reached their destination. His home, Brattahlid, at the inner end of the fiord, was near the present Julianohab, and was headquarters of Osterbyg, or Eastern Settlements, which were eventually composed of 190 farms. In a few years a second settlement was formed, called Vesterbyg, or Western Settlements, which was to the northwest in the present district of Godthaab, and was composed of 90 farms. It is reckoned that the Norse population in Greenland reached about 2000, perhaps 3000 souls, at the height of its prosperity. Now we come to the first information of

Helluland, Markland, and Wineland,

and rather than go into explanations of many disputed points, I will try and give a continued story. I must first explain to you how we get all this information from the old Sagas, which are the historical records, written on sheep skin vellum. Most of the principal ones are now in the archives of the Copenhagen Museums. There can be no doubt that these Sagas were compiled from log books or documents written at the

time, or they never could describe things so exactly. There are many Sagas, but there are two very important ones that give us the particulars of these Wineland voyages. The two Sagas that give us the information we are looking for are the Flatey Book and the Haukbok. The Flatey Book is the best history of Iceland, written by the priests, and mention is made of all the voyages made to Wineland, and therefore you must follow it for a continued story. Haukbok is a family tradition written by Hauk, who was a descendant of Thorfinn Karlsefni. He mentions Liefs and Thorstein voyages to Wineland, but in a disconnected way, very different from the precise particulars of the Flatey Book.

In Haukbok we find the "Saga of Eric the Red," which is the narrative of Thorfinn Karlsefni's expedition, which we will see later on was the most important colonisation scheme of these early voyages. It gives by far the best information of this voyage, but to get a proper understanding we have to consider each voyage separately. There are several fragmentary references in other Sagas, all of which are carefully noted, and coming from independent sources, go to prove the main facts of the expeditions. This leads some writers to lay special emphasis upon certain facts that create a diversity of opinion, and give reasons for many controversies. Then again, the translation of these documents, and the proper meaning of phrases in use nine hundred years ago, has created more trouble than anything else, but even these facts are being thrashed out to a finish, and simplify many questions that were in dispute. Instead of following one Saga verbatim, I have endeavored to follow the voyages as they occurred, taken from the translation of these old Sagas by the most noted authority, Mr. A. M. Reeves. I give you reliable facts of each, and this gives us five important expeditions that we have to reckon with.

1st,—Biarni on his way from Iceland to Greenland saw these places, but did not land there.

2nd,—Leif fitted out an expedition and christened the places he reached. Helluland came first, then Markland, and he spent one winter at Wineland, where he erected booths. He returned the following summer to Greenland.

3rd,—Thorvald, the brother of Lief, held that the country had not been sufficiently explored. Thereupon Lief gave him his ship. Thorvald was killed in a fight with the Skrellings (Eskimos), and desired to be buried at Crossness. They were two years on this voyage.

4th,—Thorstein, another brother of Lief, desired to sail to Wineland, and bring back the body of his brother, Thorvald. He selected a crew of twenty-five men, but they met stormy weather, and were driven in the direction of Iceland, and arrived back in Greenland the first week in winter. This expedition was a failure.

5th,—Thorfinn Karlsefni sailed with four ships, having 160 men and five women to colonise Wineland. He spent three years there, and then returned to Greenland.

Now we have to take these voyages separately, and I will follow as closely as possible the wording of the Sagas.

1st Voyage.

Biarni, who lived in Iceland, had been on a voyage to Norway, and on his return to Iceland found that his father had migrated during the summer to Greenland. Notwithstanding that it was then late in the season, and considered by many to be very foolhardy, Biarni and his crew decided to go to Greenland, although he had never been there before. They were driven far to the southward, and saw strange lands, but knew that they did not resemble the description they had of Greenland, and being anxious to get along quickly, they did not go ashore or land anywhere until they eventually reached Greenland. The principal information worth noting is the description of perils on this voyage. They had a very rough time, and were driven hither and thither. Fogs and North winds lasted many days. Here is an interesting item regarding their means of navigation: then they saw the sun again, and were able to determine the quarters of the heavens. Here is another item: They hoisted sail,—showing that they had been drifting or using their oars only to keep their boat from being swamped. At the end of that day they came in sight of land, which was covered with woods, and there were small hillocks on it. They saw land twice during the next few days, but they sailed out on the high seas with South-westerly gales. The next land was high and mountainous, with ice mountains on it. They held on their course, and found that this last land was an island. They left this land astern, and held out to sea with the same fair wind. The wind waxed amain, and Biarni directed them to reef, and not to sail at a speed unbecoming their ship and rigging. They sailed now for four days, when they saw the fourth land. Biarni said, “This is the likeliest to Greenland, according to that which has been reported to me, and here we will steer to the land.” They landed in the evening below a cape, where there was a boat, and on this cape dwelt Herleiff, the father of Biarni, and the cape was called Herliefness. Biarni gave up voyages and dwelt with his father, who was an important man, and continued to live there after his father's death. This voyage is the most descriptive narrative of the sailing of these old Vikings, but beyond the sight of the wooded land with small hillocks, which in all probability was some headlands of our Eastern Newfoundland coast, we cannot decide on any special point, unless some one recognises the large island with mountainous ice caps that Biarni saw before he made his last run off the coast for Greenland. Biarni visited Eric, who received him well. He gave an account of his travels, when he saw the strange lands. The people thought he had been lacking in enterprise, since he had no report to give them concerning these countries, and this fact brought him reproach.

There was now much talk about voyages of discovery, and Lief, the son of Eric, visited Biarni and bought a ship from him, and collected a crew of thirty-five men. This brings us to the

2nd Voyage.

Lief invited his father, Eric, to become the leader of the expedition, but Eric declined, as he was now an old man, and he was less able to endure the exposure of sea life than he had been ; nevertheless he yielded to Lief's solicitations, and he rode to the vessel when they were to sail, but the horse stumbling, he was thrown to the ground, and injured his foot, whereupon he exclaimed, "It is not designed for me to discover more lands than the one in which we are now living," and he returned home. Lief pursued his way, they put the ship in order, and sailed out to sea, and with him went Tyker, the German servant, who had lived with Eric for a long time, and who was devoted to Lief when a child. They first found the land which Biarni had seen last. They sailed to the land and cast anchor. They launched a boat and went ashore, and saw no grass there. Now take particular notice of this description, *Great ice mountains lay inland back from the sea, and the upper part away from the shore was a table land of flat rocks all the way from the sea to the ice mountains*, and the country seemed to them to be devoid of good qualities. Then said Lief, We have done more than Biarni, we have gone upon the land, and I will now call it Helluland (or Land of Flat Stones). They returned to the ship and put out to sea, and found a second land. They sailed to the land, put out anchor, launched their boat and went ashore. This was a level, wooded land, and there were broad stretches of white sands where they went, and the land was level by the sea. Lief said, This land shall have a name after its nature, and we will call it Markland (Forest-land).

They returned to ship forthwith, and sailed away on the main with Northeast winds for two days before they sighted land. They sailed towards the land and came to the island, which lay to the Northward, off the land. They went ashore and looked about them, the weather being fine, and they observed dew upon the grass, which they tasted, and it seemed to them that they had never tasted anything so sweet as this. They went aboard their ship again, and sailed into a certain sound, which lay between the island and a cape, which jutted out from the land to the North, and they stood in westering past the cape. At ebb tide there were broad stretches of shallow water there, and they ran the ship aground, and it was a long distance from the ship to the ocean, yet they were so anxious to go ashore that they could not wait until the tide should rise under the ship, but hastened to the land, where a certain river flows out from a lake. As soon as the tide rose beneath their ship, however, they took the boat and rowed to the ship, which they conveyed up the river, and so into the lake where they cast anchor, and carried their hammocks

ashore, and built themselves booths there. They afterwards determined to establish themselves there for the winter, and they accordingly built a large house. Lief has reached the end of his voyage, and this is the place which he eventually called Wineland. Now, before proceeding into further particulars of what Lief saw and did on this voyage, and while we have the description in our minds of the places that he visited, it is my purpose to name these very spots, and by the facts that come afterwards, I feel very certain that you will agree with me that we know exactly where Lief did build his booths.

As already related Helluland was a table land of flat rocks, which extended from the sea to the great ice mountains that lay inland. This is an exact description of the South side of Groswater Bay, as our fishermen like to call it, or better known on the charts as Hamilton Inlet, and known in the old French maps as the Grand Bay of the Eskimos. Looking inland you see throughout the year the snow-capped Mealey Mountains, said to be over two thousand feet in height. This bay is a very likely landfall for a vessel sailing South from the Eastern settlements in Greenland..

Markland is certainly no distance from Helluland. As the Saga says, he went to sea, that is out the bay, and came in again seeing a forest land (a level wooded land), and note particularly that in the same place were broad stretches of white sand, where they went by the sea. These broad stretches of white sand South of Groswater Bay are the Porcupine Strand, as it is called to-day. This strand is, on an average, about fifty yards wide from the salt water to the turf, which has grown over the sand. The land is level back from the sea fully four to five miles, till it reaches the hills. This land is covered with turf and a growth of trees. To-day we find small spruce and juniper, but it may have been of larger size when Lief christened it Markland.

The Porcupine Strand continues along this coast for about fifty miles, and there is no strand of such a length on the Labrador coast. It is composed of hard grit sand, fit for the old fashioned hour-glass. There is a prominent cape about midway, with a double peaked summit rising to a height of four hundred feet. On the charts it is called Cape Porcupine, but the fishermen often call it Sandy Beach Hill. I want you to remember particularly about this cape. Although it is not mentioned in this voyage, it is mentioned more than once in later voyages.

WINELAND, before reaching there, they sailed away upon the main, that is off to sea, and continued with a Northeast wind for two days before sighting land. In well authenticated voyages, from Norway to Iceland a day's sailing with these old Viking boats was reckoned at about 108 miles. So they sailed South in that time about 200 miles; then they came in towards the land, to an island, which lay to the Northward, off the land. They went ashore and looked about them, the weather being fine, and they observed there was dew upon the grass. About two hundred miles

from Cape Porcupine brings us to the latitude of the Straits of Belle Isle. I believe when Lief started to come in towards the land, he was just South of Belle Isle at break of day, and when he came to the land, the island mentioned is the Sacred Island just to the North of Cape Onion. They went ashore at Lancey Meadows, as it is called to-day, where there is plenty of grass. Please note particularly that there was *dew on the grass*, that means he was there in the early morning before the sun rose. This is important, because they should have mentioned Belle Isle if they had not gone past there in the dark. Now they went aboard the ship again, and sailed into a certain sound between the island and a cape jutting to the North, and they stood in, westering past the cape. This would bring them right into the shallow waters of Pistolet Bay, where they ran the ship aground on one of the numerous mud banks. The tide rises in this bay about three feet, so that when the water rose beneath the ship, they proceeded up to the bottom of this bay, and the river they reached is the entrance to Milan Arm, and the lake is at the bottom of this arm, about three miles long and one mile wide, where they cast anchor, and Lief built his booths there, and established themselves for the winter. These booths were headquarters at Wineland, and in subsequent voyages they always wished to winter there. I have placed these localities only after careful research, and weighing all the facts mentioned in subsequent voyages. We have to note every point mentioned of this entrance to Wineland very particularly, as this is the only mention in all the Sagas of entering the harbor where Lief's Booths were. They were so well known afterwards that there was no need to describe a well known locality. Before making up your minds whether I am right or wrong, I want you to follow the different facts mentioned in later voyages, which I am convinced will prove these contentions. I am only doing my best to find the truth and a proper understanding of this great controversy.

Now let us follow the wording of the Saga again. There was no lack of salmon there, either in the river or the lake, and larger salmon than any they had ever seen. This is true of all the rivers and brooks around Pistolet Bay. Well known salmon stations are in several places, Bartlett's Brook, Western Brook, and Pinsent's Brook, etc. The country thereabouts seemed to be possessed of such good qualities that cattle need no fodder there during the winter. There was no frost there during the winter and the grass withered but little. The days and nights were more nearly equal than in Greenland and Iceland. On the shortest day day of winter, December 21st, the sun was up between the morning meal and the evening meal, it literally means between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, and 3 and 4 in the afternoon. This fact has caused more discussions than any other by all the learned authorities, but it is impossible to decide any definite point without more exactitude; anyway it certainly places Boston and Martha's Vinyard out of the running, and those best qualified to judge state that Lief's Booths were certainly somewhere in

Newfoundland or a similar latitude. But how could it be Newfoundland if there was no frost there, and the grass withered but little. No great stress is laid on these points, as it is an impossibility to name any place between Labrador and New York that would suit the exact wording as stated. It must also be remembered that these men had just come from Greenland, and they were comparing the frost in that country with their new experience of a more southern latitude. They were looking out for the possibility of grazing their cattle during the winter, and were hoping for the best, and there is lots of grass to be had there until the snow comes. In reading these Sagas we are continually astonished with the optimistic views these Norsemen held, and I believe this statement about frost is more of a hope than a reality. These Norsemen were devoted to cattle breeding. Notwithstanding the climate of Greenland it was carried on to a large extent, as the ruins of stables near the dwelling houses will testify. In the *King's Mirror* another noted Saga it is stated that the men in Greenland often climbed the highest rocks at different points to gaze around to see whether by chance they could spy any part of the country free from ice, and fit for grazing, all the ranges and valleys being covered with ice. The *King's Mirror* also describes the ice in the Greenland sea as being eight to ten feet thick. The ice reaches four or five days journey from the land, and even more. It describes the icebergs towering above the level ice like rocks above the sea, and which do not unite with the surface ice. The ice at times remains motionless, at times it passes on like a ship in fair wind, and not only with the wind but against the wind, when it comes to a gale.

These facts prove to us what great difficulties the Norsemen had to contend with in Greenland, and we should not read the wording of the hope to graze cattle round Pistolet Bay in winter time too literally. When they had completed their house Lief made arrangements for exploring the country. He divided his men in two companies, but each party was to return home each night. We have no further mention of what the country was like except the natural product of berries and trees, to which we must give a very careful enquiry, as there is frequent mention of them in each voyage, and their classification has led to many controversies. In one of these expeditions Tyrker the German went astray. Lief went in search of him with twelve men, and they met him not far from the house. Tyrker was in lively spirits, and told them "I did not go much further than you, and yet I have something worth relating." "I have found vines and vinber; it is true, for I was born where there is no lack of either vinber or vines."

In the early translation vinber has always been translated as grapes, and that was the principal reason for the very interesting books that have been written selecting "Martha's Vinyard" near Boston, as the locality where Lief erected his booths. It is a noted place for wild grapes, and is the most northerly spot in America where these wild grapes grow in

any quantity Professor Fernald, the noted herbalist of Harvard University who has visited Dr. Grenfell at Labrador, has written an exhaustive treatise on this subject, and has proven beyond all doubt that Wineberry and not Grapes is the proper translation. He traces the meaning of this word and classification of Wineberry, from historical ages. His conclusion on this subject is as follows: "Considering these facts," he states, "it is most probable that Vinber of the Sagas was *Vaccinum—Vistis—Idea*, which bears in its specific name a 'token of its long confusion by early botanists of northern Europe with the grape, which as late as 1633 bore the folkname of Wineberry.' He mentions that possibly Vinber is a native currant." Nansen takes issue with him, as in one instance in the "Saga of Eric the Red," he says a different word is used, which he translates "Bunch of Vinber," and therefore it must be grapes.

Instead of going into a long preamble of the different kind of berries that grow in Newfoundland that would answer the description in one way and another as mentioned in the *Sagas*, I will say at once that the Wineberries that so delighted Tyrker were our well known Squash-berries. They grow in profusion around Pistolet Bay, on the dry hilly ground where there are copses or shrubby woods. When you mention berries to a person who has resided in Pistolet Bay, he tells you at once that the bay is noted for its Squash-berries. The Squash-berry bush is a shrub with thin stems about four feet high. The berries grow in bunches, and when ripe are of a brilliant red color; they remain on the bush all the winter. They have a delicious sweet tart taste, and the fruit of the berry is almost wholly juice and often made into wine. The flavor is even more perfect in the spring than in the autumn, but the berry withers away when the frost is gone. You can get them in the fall, winter and spring; in some years of course more plentiful than others, but you will find patches of these Squash-berries in that vicinity where a good picker could easily fill a barrel in one day, so that there would be no difficulty whatever for Lief and his crew to fill the after-boat. This Squash-berry gives an exact description of the Vinber mentioned in the *Sagas*. "Vinber growing where there was hilly ground."

To give an exact description of what our Newfoundland squash berries are I quote the following from Waghorne's book on Botany:

(b) "The *Viburnum* or Arrowood or *Laurestinus* genus has probably five species in Newfoundland; and amongst them are the squash-berry, and I believe our withe-rod and white-wood berries. The others are the sweet viburnum or sheepberry (*V. Lantago*), the withe-rod or naked stalk viburnum (*V. Nudum*), the few-flowered arrow-wood (*V. Pauciflorum*) and the maple-leaved viburnum or dockmackie (*V. Aceriflorum*). Our squash-berry is not the high cranberry (*Viburnum Opulus*) as at first thought, but the few-flowered *Viburnum*. Our withe-rod is probably the (*V. Nudum*); and our white-wood, whose berries are much like the squash-oerry, are perhaps the *V. Opulus*.

The old Saga says a cargo (of wood) sufficient for the ship was cut, and when the spring came they made the ship ready and sailed away. There is plenty of spruce, fir and birch trees near Milan Arm. From the products of this country Lief gave the land a name, and called it WINELAND.

Lief now started to return home. They sailed out to sea and had fair weather until they sighted Greenland, at the fells below the glaziers. Then it was that Lief, being keener of sight than any of his crew, discerned men upon a rocky island, or more literally a skerry, and sailing up to it, they discovered a ship had been wrecked. Lief rescued fifteen persons, and for this reason he was afterwards called Lief the Lucky. He had now a goodly store both of property and honor, and as his father, Eric the Red, had died that winter, he made no further voyages.

It is very interesting to note that in this shipwrecked crew was Thori and Gudrid. Lief invited them and three others to make their home with him. Thori died shortly afterwards, but we hear a great deal about Gudrid in the old Sagas. She was a remarkable woman, and undoubtedly the heroin of Wineland; but we will have more to say about her later on.

The old Sagas say that Lief was a large and powerful man, and of a most imposing bearing, a man of sagacity, and a very just man in all things. There is no special mention of how that house called Lief's Booth was built, whether it was of wood or stone, but it was a substantial dwelling, as we find in almost every expedition afterwards that they asked him to give them his booths, but his reply was, "I will not give, but I will loan them to you."

It is over nine hundred years since these booths were built at Milan Arm, but if a careful search was made around the lake, I am certain that interesting relics will be found. Now we come to the

3rd Voyage.

There was much talk about Lief-Wineland journey, and his brother Thorvald held that the county had not been sufficiently explored. Thereupon Lief said to Thorvald, "If it be thy will, brother, thou mayest go to Wineland with my ship; but I wish the ship first to fetch the wood, where the crew were wrecked on the skerry." And so it was done. Now Thorvald, with the advice of Lief, prepared to make this voyage with thirty men. They put their ship in order, and sailed out to sea. There is no further account of this voyage until it is stated they arrived at Lief's Booths in Wineland. They laid up their ship there, and remained quietly during the winter, supplying themselves with food by fishing. In the spring, however, Thorvald said they should put their ship in order, and that a few men should take the *afterboat* and proceed along the West coast, and explore that region during the summer. They found it a fair, well wooded country; it was a short distance from the woods to the sea,

and there were white sands, as well as a large number of islands and shallows. They found neither dwelling of men or lair of beast; but in one of the Western islands they found a wooden building for the shelter of grain. These old Norsemen were dependent on their small farms more than anything else, and they recognised at once what this building was intended for. The translation from the old text appears very plain, but there is no mention of any cultivated fields. Possibly this was some shelter erected during Lief's voyage. They found no trace of human handicraft, and turned back arriving at Lief's Booths in the autumn.

The following summer Thorvald set out towards the East with the ship and around the Northern coast. They were met by a high wind off a certain promontory and were driven ashore there and damaged the keel of their ship, and were compelled to remain there a long time and repair the injury to the vessel. It appears that the old keel was knocked out and condemned, for Thorvald said to his companions, "I propose that we raise the keel upon this Cape, and call it Keelness," and so they did. (Take particular note of this place Keelness, as it is mentioned more than once in future voyages, and the keel standing upon the Cape appears to have been a well-known land mark.) Then they sailed away to the Eastward off the land, and into the mouth of the *adjoining* firth, and to a headland which projected into the sea there and which was entirely covered with woods. (After leaving Keelness, it is plain they did not go very far, as it mentions the adjoining firth. The projecting headland covered with woods was some place in that adjoining firth.) They found an anchorage near the land and went ashore. Thorvald was greatly impressed with this place; said he, it is a fair region, and here I should like to make my home.

They returned to the ship and discovered on the sands, in beyond the headland, three mounds. They went up to these and saw that they were skin-canoes (kayak), with three men under each. They succeeded in seizing all of these men except one who escaped with his canoe. They killed the eight men and then ascended the headland again, and looking about them discovered within the firth certain hillocks, which they concluded must be habitations (Eskimo tents or houses). They all became very sleepy, and fell into a deep slumber, which would have been their last had not Thorvald been startled by a sudden call, which the Saga believes was supernatural. A countless fleet of skin-canoes were advancing from the inner part of the firth to revenge the death of their comrades. The Eskimos attacked, shooting arrows at them, but they were no match for the warrior vikings who at once got out the war-boards and shields on both sides of the ship, and defended themselves against all attacks. The only one wounded was Thorvald, who had been hit by an arrow under his arm, and knew at once that it was his death. He counselled them to return with utmost speed, but to bury him on the headland where he had wished to make his home. He also instructed them to raise a cross

at his head and another at his feet, and to call that place Crossness for ever after.

Thorvald died, and when they had carried out his injunctions they departed, and rejoined their companions and told the said tidings. They remained during the winter and gathered up Vinber (wine berries) and wood, with which to freight the ship. In the following spring they returned to Greenland, where they recounted all to Lief. Now let us note particularly the places where Thorvald visited, and I believe we will get better evidence of where Lief's Booths, and Wineland really was than anywhere else in these Sagas.

1st,—He arrived at Wineland and remained quietly there during the winter;

2nd,—In the spring he started an expedition to explore the Western shore. There they found many islands and shallows, a well wooded country and special mention is made of *white sands*;

3rd,—The following summer Thorvald set out towards the East and along the Northern coast. Now there is only one place on the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador from which you could set out to explore the Western coast, and also to explore East and North. It fixes the locality definitely at some place in the Straits of Belle Isle;

4th,—Let us enquire particularly into that Western voyage. Is not Blanc Sablon the "white sands"? They had this same name when Jacques Cartier visited them in 1535, and the "white sands" on that rocky coast attract the attention of visitors to-day as they did when those Norsemen explored it in the year 1004. There are not many trees to be seen there to-day, but the well-known fishing station there, "Isle au Bois" or Woody Island, on which there is not a tree to be found, is proof sufficient that this locality must have been well wooded when the French first visited here about 1500. There are also plenty of islands and shallows, also trees not far away, but of course they are common almost everywhere in Newfoundland or Labrador. We have no record how far up the North shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence this crew went in the small after-boat, but we do know they were away all the summer;

5th,—Thorvald's second expedition "towards the East and along the Northern coast" is exactly what one would do leaving a port in the Straits of Belle Isle;

6th,—You want to know where Keelness is? I believe that Thorvald got his ship ashore near Sandy Beach Hill, (Cape Porcupine), and it was on that double peaked summit that they raised the keel. I will give my proof for this in a later voyage. It is a bleak shore, shallow water, and worst of all in a storm, there is no anchorage there;

7th,—The adjoining firth they went into was Groswater Bay or the Grand bay of the Eskimos, as the French maps call it in olden times;

8th,—The headland across the bay covered with woods which Thorvald liked so much, and where he was buried, and wished it to be called Crossness for ever afterwards, now goes by the name of Bluff Head.

It was here that they had the first fight with the Eskimos. It is the first mention of Skrellings or Eskimo that we have in these Wineland voyages, and the enmity started by the Norsemen is what eventually prevented their successful colonization of America, and resulted in the abandonment of their cherished projects.

4th Voyage.

As the old Saga relates. In the meantime it had come to pass in Greenland that Thorstein, another son of Eric the Red, had married Gudrid, who had been saved from the wreck as already related, and it is said they were married in the autumn, and it was a most desirable match. Now Thorstein was minded to make a voyage to Wineland and bring back the body of his brother Thorvald. He equipped the same ship, and selected a crew of twenty-five men, and he took with him his wife, Gudrid. They met stormy weather and were driven hither and thither all the summer, and lost all reckoning. It is stated they were driven in the direction of Iceland, and again they saw the birds from the coast of Ireland, but in the first week of winter they found themselves in the Western Settlement of Greenland. This voyage was a failure. They had much hardship that winter, and many of this ship's company died, including Thorstein himself. In the spring Gudrid returned to Eric's Firth to the home of Lief. Now we come to the

5th Voyage.

It is a real colonization scheme and has some of the most interesting characters of this historical period. The Flatey Book gives a long account of many details not mentioned elsewhere, but no definite particulars of the different expeditions on this voyage. The "Saga of Eric the Red," so commonly mentioned in connection with these voyages, is devoted almost wholly to this voyage of Thorfinn Karlsefni, and the different expeditions connected with it. It is their family traditions carefully recorded. It is by far the most complete narrative of these voyages. We have to go carefully into both accounts.

The Flatey Book says: that same summer a ship came from Norway to Greenland; the skipper's name was Thorfinn Karlsefni. He was a very wealthy man, and passed the winter with Lief. He soon set his heart upon Gudrid, the widow of Thorstein, and their marriage was celebrated the same winter shortly after Yule-tide (Christmas).

A renewed discussion arose concerning Wineland, and all the folks, including Gudrid, urged him to make a voyage. He assembled a company of 160 men and 5 women, and entered into an agreement that they should each share equally in the spoils of the enterprise. They took with them all kinds of cattle, and it was their intention to settle in this

country if they could. Karlsefni asked Lief for the house in Wineland, and he replied that "he would lend but not give it." They sailed out to sea and *arrived safely at Lief's Booths*. In the summer succeeding the first winter, Skrellings were discovered, and a barter trade was established with food and colored cloth in exchange for furs. They subsequently started fighting, and it was the fear of these attacks that caused Karlsefni to announce that they would return to Greenland. They now made ready, and carried with them much booty in vines, vinber (wine berries), and peltries. They returned safely to Greenland early in the summer. Karlsefni sailed the same year for Iceland, and the people say "a ship richer laden never left Greenland."

Now let us return to the "Saga of Eric the Red," related in Hauk's Book. The historian who traced his ancestry to Karlsefni through his Wineland born son Snorri.

Here we get by far the best information of the different places visited, and it enables us to locate the spots with greater exactitude. It gives the best description of all the voyages, and we get more particulars than from any other source. Let us start from the first. About this time there began to be much talk that Wineland the Good should be explored, for it was said that the country must be possessed of many good qualities. Thorfinn Karlsefni was the leader, and with him was three or probably four ships, and 160 men and 5 women. Karlsefni and Snorri fitted out one ship, possibly it means one ship each. Biarni had another ship. Thorvald, who married Eric's daughter Freydis, had another ship, and with him was Thorhall, the huntsman, an old servant of Eric's. They first sailed to the Western Settlements, that is to the Northwest, or the second settlement of the Norsemen in Greenland. Thence they went to Bear Island, possibly further North or West. It is not stated why they went there, but it is important for us to mention this particularly, for it shows that they were sailing on a different course than the previous expeditions.

Thence they bore to the Southward for two days sailing. Then they saw land, and found "large flat stones," and many were twelve feet wide. There were many Arctic foxes there. They gave a name to the country, and called it Helluland. It is plain there must be a mistake in the two days sailing, or this place named Helluland is not in Labrador at all, as they could never get that far in two days, but it is possibly a mistake for seven days' sailing, or it may be in Baffin's Land. In any case the description of these "large flat stones" is quite different from the place called Helluland by Lief, which was a *tableland* of flat rocks all the way from the sea to the ice mountains. Then they sailed for two days with Northerly winds, and land lay before them with great woods and wild beasts. This they called Markland. We have shown before that Lief's Helluland and Markland were comparatively close together, but here we find that they were about 200 miles apart, so that it is clear that the places that Karlsefni called Helluland and Markland are altogether different places from the localities named by Lief.

Then Karlsefni sailed Southward along the land for a long time, and came to a cape. There were long strands and sandy banks there. They rowed to the land, and found upon the cape there *the keel of a ship*, and called it Keelness. The sandy strand they called the Wonderstrand, because it took them so long to sail by. Now we have reached the locality where Lief and Thorvald had been. Here we find the broad stretches of white sands. From the trees growing on it Lief called it Markland. This cape, with the keel on it at the sandy beaches, is undoubtedly Cape Porcupine, or Sandy Beach Hill, where Thorvald had repaired his ship. The long sandy beach created greater wonder with Karlsefni than the trees growing on the level wood land which had caught Lief's attention. We must remember that the Porcupine Strand extends for fully fifty miles. In this vicinity we find Lief's *Markland*, Thorvald's *Keelness*, and Karlsefni's *Wonderstrand*. Seeing that Karlsefni had sailed Southward along the land for a long time before coming to the cape, with the long strands and sandy banks, it is clear that he first sighted the Labrador coast far North, probably at Cape Mugford. The very mention of the Arctic foxes is a strong proof. There are plenty of colored foxes around Groswater Bay, but to see many white foxes you have to go far North on the Labrador coast. After sailing past Wonderstrand they sailed into a bay, and Karlsefni landed here two Scotchmen who were in his ship. The Saga gives a very interesting description of these two Scotchmen, whom Lief had brought from Norway. They were able to run faster than the deer, and Karlsefni told them to explore the country and he waited there for them three days. They returned, one with vinber (wine-berries), and the other had some wild grasses. After getting these two Scotchmen aboard, Karlsefni and his followers held on their way. They stood into a *Bay* with their ships. There was an island out at the mouth of this bay, about which there were strong currents, wherefore they called it Stream Island. They sailed through the firth, and called it Stream Firth, and carried their cargoes ashore from the ships, and established themselves there. There were mountains thereabouts. They explored the country. They remained there during the winter. They had reached their destination.

In the Flatey Book we have already seen in a few words that Karlsefni sailed out to sea, and arrived safely at Lief's Booths. There is no mention in the "Saga of Eric the Red" that this was Lief's Booths, but that is where they undoubtedly were. Stream Firth is certainly the Straits of Belle Isle, (although they thought it was a bay) The island at the mouth, around which there were strong currents, was without doubt our well known Belle Isle.

Stream Firth is a very good name for the Straits of Belle Isle, with its strong tidal currents, which are much stronger than any other currents around the Newfoundland coast. There is mention of an island where there so many eider ducks, that it was scarcely possible to step between the eggs. This is an exact description of the small grassey islands of

Pistolet Bay, where during the nesting season fifty years ago there were thousands of wild ducks to be seen, who breed their young on these islands. People who live there tell me that during the moulting season, so numerous were these ducks, that you will often find small heaps of feathers driven ashore on the beaches of that bay. There were eider ducks, black ducks, shell ducks and geese. There is an island in the middle of Milan Arm still called Duck Island. Now here is another item. "There were mountains thereabouts." Just back three miles from Milan Arm there are the White Mountains, so called by the settlers from the patches of snow that are to be seen on these mountains all through the summer. I don't know how high these mountains are, but snow all summer will give a good idea that they are of considerable height.

These White Mountains are described to me as very precipitous in places. They are a double range, with a well wooded valley between, and they extend from Pistolet Bay to near the harbor of St. Anthony, about eight miles away, which is often travelled in winter time with a team of dogs and the well known comatic. The Saga tells us they had a very hard time of it that winter. They appear to have spent all the summer in explorations, and had made very little preparation for the large company they had with them. The fishing failed, and they were short of food. They prayed to God for food, but it did not come as promptly as their necessities seemed to demand. But shortly after the weather improved, and they could row out to fish, and they had no lack of provisions as they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the islands, and catch fish from the sea. There was one discontented man in the company. Thorhall, the huntsman, was always causing trouble. He was a pagan, and did not get along with the others, although all admitted he was a clever huntsman. He made up his mind to explore Northward. Karlsefni wanted to proceed Southward along the land, and to the Eastward, believing that the country to the Southward was greater. It is interesting to note here Nansen's translation of this passage, which confirms the positions I have located in Newfoundland in a remarkable way. "Karlsefni wanted to proceed Southward along the coast and Eastward, believing that the land became broader the further South it bore." The idea was that the land to the South turned to the Eastward. Thorhall got nine men to go with him, and he said he was going Northward around Wonder Strand, and to pass Keelness, and to cruise to the Westward around the cape, and so seek Wineland. A little verse that Thorhall recited shows what he expected when he left Greenland, and the kind of Wineland he was looking for was what we would call nowadays "a saloon," but his real intention in going Northward was to go home, as explained in the second verse.

When I came these brave men told me,
 Here the best of drink I'd get ;
 Now with water pail behold me,
 Wine and I are strangers yet,
 Stooping at the spring I've tasted
 All the wine this land affords.

As they hoisted the sail Thorhall recited the second verse :

Comrades, let us now be faring
 Homeward to our own again.
 Let us try the sea steeds' daring
 Give the chafing courser rein.
 Those who will may bide in quiet,
 Let them praise their chosen land,
 Feasting on a whale-steak diet
 In their home by Wonder Strand.

The whale-steak diet has reference to some of the men being violently sick after eating from the carcase of a whale that had been driven ashore during the time they were nearly starved. Thorhall starting on his voyage sailed out *below the island*. They encountered westerly gales, and were driven off to sea, and eventually reached Ireland, where they were thrown into slavery. There Thorhall lost his life, according to that which traders have related.

Here we get some information. It confirms our conjectures that Wonderstrand and Keelness were close together, and it is clear that Thorhall had some information of Hamilton Inlet, as that is the only place he would cruise to the westward, for as we all know it is a long indraft almost due West of 150 miles.

Thorhall made the mistake of going outside the island, instead of going direct across the Straits of Belle Isle and hugging the Northern shore. He was caught by westerly gales off Belle Isle, and with his small crew of nine men he couldn't get back again, but it shows his pluck and fight for life to reach Ireland. We will hear more of this a year later, when Karlsefni went with a crew to look for him.

Now we take up Karlsefni's exploration, as already explained he wanted to sail South, that is past St. Anthony, and along the French shore to White Bay. They sailed for a long time until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake, and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river which could only be crossed at high tide. Karlsefni and his men sailed into the mouth of the river and called it Hop, which means a small land-locked-bay. They found there wild grass land wherever there was hollows, and on the hilly ground there was vines. Every brook there was full of fish. They dug pits on the shore, and when the tide fell there were halibut in the pits. There was great numbers of wild animals in the woods. They remained

there half a month and enjoyed themselves, and kept no watch. Now one morning early they saw nine skin-canoes, and staves were brandished from the boats with a noise like flails, and they revolved in the same direction which the sun moves. These undoubtedly were the Eskimos in their kayaks, rowing as we know so well with the double paddle. It is clear they were not Indians, who always had birch-bark canoes, and rowed with a single paddle. Karlsefni and Snorri decided to show a white shield, similar to a flag of truce, which denoted peace. The strangers rowed to the land; they were small men, ill-looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly; they had great eyes, and were broad of cheek. They tarried for a while and then rowed to the Southward around the point. Karlsefni and his followers remained there all the winter, having built huts in several places near the lake and above the lake and further away. They had their live stock with them, which lived by grazing, as there was no snow there. When the spring opened they discovered one morning a great number of skin-canoes rowing from the South past the Cape. They started a barter trade for furs, and for perfect skins gave the Skrellings some red cloth, a span in length, which they bound around their heads. The Skrellings desired to buy swords and spears, but Karlsefni forbade this. When the cloth got scarce they divided it into narrow pieces not more than a finger's width, but the Skrellings were so anxious for it that they gave as much or more for it. It so happened that the bull rushed out of the woods bellowing loudly, which so terrified the Skrellings that they sped to their canoes, and rowed Southward along the coast. They saw nothing of them for three weeks, but then a great multitude of them arrived from the South ready for a fight. The Skrellings sprang from their boats, and they met them and fought together. The Skrellings had war slings (bows and arrows). These Eskimo now took the offensive. They raised upon a pole a great ball-shaped body about the size of a sheep's body, and nearly black in color. (This was probably a seal skin float, attached to the Eskimo harpoon used in spearing seals and walrus.)

This bladder filled with air made a noise when falling on the ground. It is stated that it caused a great fear with Karlsefni and his men, so they could only think of escape along the river bank; but they soon got over this fright, and offered strong resistance when they reached certain jutting crags. The Skrellings were rushing on them from all sides and greatly outnumbered them. Freydis, the wife of Thorvald, came out, and seeing Karlsefni and his men fleeing she jeered at them, saying, "ye might slaughter these wretches like cattle." Freydis sought to join them but lagged behind; she found the dead body of Thorbrand, the son of Snorri, his skull being cleft by a flat stone. She seized his sword and prepared to defend herself from the approaching Skrellings. She stripped herself to the waist, and slapped her breast with the naked sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified and fled to their boats and

rowed away. Karlsefni and his followers praised her valor. The fear of something new in warfare always creates a scare at first. Even England was scared a year ago by a German balloon, so that we can excuse the Norsemen for fear at first sight of a black seal skin float. But Freydis must have been a terror, and the Eskimos had good reason for fear and fled at the sight of her. In the fight two of the Norsemen and four of the Skrellings were killed. Fearing further attacks from the Eskimos they determined to return to their own country. They sailed to the Northward and on the way they killed five Skrellings, whom they found asleep on the beach. They passed a Cape where a great many animals (probably birds) rested there at night; they arrived again at Streamfirth (Lief's Booths).

Karlsefni and Snorri made another trip with forty men to Hop and returned again the same summer. Karlsefni then set out with one ship in search of Thorhall the huntsman, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the Northward around Keelness, and then bore to the Westward, having land to the larboard. The country around was a wooded wilderness with scarcely an open space, and when they had journeyed a considerable distance up, a river flowed down from the east towards the west. They sailed into the mouth of this river and lay to the southern bank. Karlsefni had sailed right up Hamilton Inlet and reached a river on the south side of Mellville Bay. It confirms our conjecture that Keelness was South of Hamilton Inlet, and is the same place indicated in all the voyages.

The Saga now relates that one morning they saw a uniped, who skipped down the bank and shot an arrow which hit Thorvald, the son-in-law of Eric, in the paunch. Karlsefni and his men pursued, but the uniped was too swift for them and disappeared. There was a well-known Norse fable about the land of Unipeds, which they expected to find. Professor Howley, of the Newfoundland Geological Survey, says that this Uniped was undoubtedly an Eskimo woman of short stature, and dressed in the conventional Eskimo woman's attire with a long-tail coat, she would certainly look to the men who chased her as if she only had one leg. When we get the proper explanation of these items, they strengthen the proof of the story, instead of throwing doubt on the reality. Thorvald died from this wound, and the crew were not disposed to remain there longer, so they sailed to the Northward, that is out towards Rigolet. Here is an interesting item which should help to locate where Hop really was. They reckoned that Hop and this locality were equally distant from Stream Firth in either direction, and also that the mountains formed one chain. They sailed back and passed the third winter at Stream Firth. There was a lot of trouble that winter, and from information that we have in the Flatey Book, it would appear that Freydis was at the bottom of it. She certainly was a terror if only half of the accounts of her are true, and in after years she was thoroughly despised, and as we

would say to-day she was the villain of the play. The heroine was Gudrid, she was a beautiful character, and everyone was in love with her. She refused to take part in fortune telling, giving as a reason that she was of the Christian faith. It is said of her she was the most beautiful of her sex, and in every respect a most superior woman. Here is another item recorded of her: "Gudrid then sang the song so sweet and well, that no one remembered ever before to have heard the melody with so fair a voice."

But let us return to our story. Karlsefni now determined to take his departure for Greenland. During their stay at Stream Firth, or Lief's Booths, a son was born to Gudrid, whom she christened Snorri, after the father of Karlsefni. It is said that this little chap was three winters old when they took their departure. Here we have the record of the first white child born in Newfoundland, and the Saga tells us "from him was descended three bishops, and many other great people of Iceland, who are not mentioned in these Sagas."

Karlsefni sailed away from Wineland with a southerly wind, and so they came to Markland, where they found five Skrellings, and captured two of them, who were boys, and took the lads away with them. They taught them to speak, and they were baptized. They got some stories from these boys about the Eskimos. Karlsefni arrived back safely in Greenland, but the ship that Biarni had charge of was driven out into the Atlantic (the term used in the Sagas is, for the sea between Iceland and Greenland). The ship became worm eaten, but the afterboat had been coated with seal tar, and the sea worms did not penetrate. This boat could only hold half the crew, and Biarni decided to cast lots instead of choosing by rank. This seemed to them all a manly offer, so they adopted it. Biarni was one of the fortunate ones, but when he took his place in the boat, an Icelander upbraided him for forsaking him. Biarni said, "I see thou art eager for life," thereupon he boarded the ship and let the Icelander take his place. This boat came safely to Dublin in Ireland, but Biarni and his companions were never heard of afterwards.

This is the end of the *Wineland voyages*, but we have fragmentary information in other Sagas. In a manuscript of Icelandic geography, the origin of which is not known, but probably derived from an old Saga now out of existence, we find the following: "South of Greenland is Helluland, then comes Markland, thence it is not far to Wineland the Good, which some men believe to be connected with Africa, and if so then there is an open sea flowing in between Wineland and Markland." The conclusion to be drawn from this is that Wineland was never thoroughly explored, and they did not know how far East from Hop the land went.

There is another point on which they were not sure, that is, whether Stream Firth was a strait or a bay.

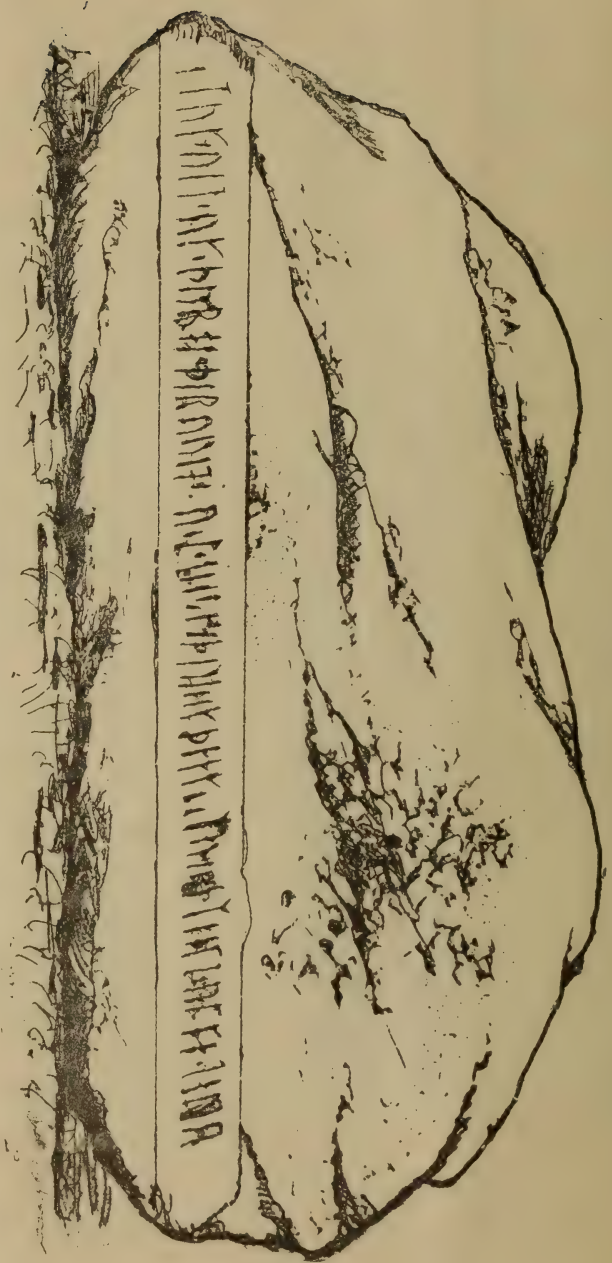
This passage, while only fragmentary, appears to give us a key to the



LARRADOR ESKIMO IN THE KAYAK.

A covered in canoe made from seal skins. The rowing is done by one long double paddle, used alternately on each side. The spear, coil of rope and seal skin float, are ready for immediate use in spearing seals or walrus.

This runic stone was found on the estate of Hønen in Ringerike, Norway, and this inscription copied in 1823.
 In the Norwegian language it is a little verse and therefore a poetic description.
 The mention of Wineiland makes it interesting to us.



TRANSLATION.

“ They came out (into the ocean) and over wide expanses (*vill*), and needing (*þurfa*) cloth to dry themselves on (*þurfa*) and food (*ats*) away towards Wineiland, up into the ice in the uninhabited country. Evil can take away luck, so that one dies early.

From “In Northern Mists,” by Nansen.

map published in Torfaeus "*Gronlandia Antiqua*," of 1706, and he attributes the map to the Iclander Stephanus of 1570, who in turn must have got it from an earlier source. Instead of a bay coming between Markland and Wineland change it into a narrow sound, and you have a perfect description of the Straits of Belle Isle dividing Labrador from Newfoundland. Not that alone, but the name Wineland reads directly out from Pistolet Bay at the end of the long promontory of northern Newfoundland, which agrees exactly with my description of the different voyages. It was after I had written this description of the Wineland voyages, that I saw this confirmation in this old Icelandic map.

In the year 1121 "Bishop Eric of Greenland went in search of Wine-land," but we don't know whether the Bishop succeeded in finding Wine-land or anything else about it, but this is the last mention of Wineland in the older Icelandic literature.

In the later annals (1347) we have the last historical mention of a small ship, with seventeen men, that sailed from Greenland for Markland, no doubt seeking wood, but had been driven to Iceland by stormy weather. This brings us to the end of the Wineland voyages, and with such clear information from the translation of Reeves and other writers we can have no doubt whatever as to the authenticity of these voyages. There has been many conjectures whether the natives that the Norsemen met were Eskimos or American Indians, but all the facts go to prove that wit as Eskimos they met on every occasion, and there is no mention of Indians whatever. The existence of the Eskimos depended upon the seal and walrus, so that they never lived far from Labrador, but we do know in Governor Palliser's time (about 1765) that the Eskimos did make regular visits to Newfoundland, periodically, in search of special wood to make their bows and arrows. That was before they were supplied with guns by the traders. We also know there were special places in Newfoundland where flint arrow heads were made, and it is quite possible this was another reason for visiting Newfoundland.

It is interesting to note that when Karlsefni was at Hop he met a great number of the Eskimos in the spring when they were going southward, and they had plenty of furs for trading purposes. Three weeks afterwards a multitude of the Eskimos returned from the South in a war like mood. They probably had a good supply of bows and arrows and flints, and in the fight they killed two of the Norsemen.

It would be interesting to locate the harbor of Hop, and no doubt some person will tell us exactly where it is before long. As an indication I would mention Little Harbor Deep or Great Cat Arm in White Bay, both of which have sandy bars at the entrance, but a more careful investigation would verify the description of the Saga. Reckoning an equal distance from Pistolet Bay to the South, as from Pistolet Bay to Rigolet at the entrance of Melville Bay, we would need to look for Hop well across Notre Dame Bay.

If the Norsemen had only treated the Eskimos kindly on all occasions they in all probability would have been successful in their colonization of Newfoundland and America, but only once do we hear of them trading together. With the exception of the way these Eskimos were brutally put to death on several occasions we cannot but admire these hardy old Vikings. We hear very little of Biarni one of Karlsefni's skippers, but where would you get a better example of the captain giving up his life for one of his men even after all had the same chance to draw lots.

There are many other incidents mentioned in these old Sagas that I am sure would interest you regarding the customs of that day. but I have curtailed these items confining myself to the voyages to try and arrive at correct conclusions as to where Wineland really was, and I do believe that I have correctly solved a problem that has created volumes of controversy.

St. John's, Newfoundland, December 1913.

